



John Frederick Bryant.

P. 1785



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V E R S E S

B Y

JOHN FREDERICK BRYANT, K

LATE TOBACCO-PIPE MAKER

AT BRISTOL.

TOGETHER WITH

H I S L I F E,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND SOLD AT HIS SHOP, N^o 35, LONG-ACRE.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

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169.



THE following pages having been printed chiefly for the purpose of being presented to those who, by their contribution, assisted in relieving the Author when in a state of extreme indigence, it has been thought respectful towards them, by some of his encouragers, to premise a few lines respecting the Author himself, and the verses now presented to them.

The Author has been found, upon the fullest enquiry, to be a man of strict probity, and to have supported the character of an industrious and honest man, when struggling with a degree of poverty more than sufficient to have repressed the indulging of a poetical inclination. The sources of his information are found to have been a few volumes, chiefly of the English poets, borrowed from different persons; and also some of those books adapted to the capacity of children, from whence his knowledge of Ancient History or Fable is derived.

With

With respect to the publication itself, the Reader may be assured that every part of it, including his Life, is in the very same state in which it fell from his pen, except as to the spelling.—The Verses being intended for the perusal of those who may be desirous of seeing the gradual progress of natural poetical genius, unassisted by education, it has been thought proper to print progressive specimens of his Verses, from the first essay down to the work in which he is now engaged. Peculiar merit is not therefore to be looked for in each of the earlier pieces, separately considered. Such of his Readers, however, as may not find amusement in observing the growth of a poetical spirit, may possibly find their time not mispent in reading some of the later compositions.

N A M E S

O F

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I WAS

I WAS born in Market-street, St. James's, Westminster, November 22d, 1753. My father was a native of the city of Bristol, and had been bred a tobacco-pipe-maker, my grandfather and all his family being of that business: but my father not liking the trade, changed his place of residence for London, where he got employed as a journeyman house-painter; in which line of life he became acquainted with and married my mother, who lived at service in town, but was born at Sunbury in Middlesex; my grandfather and grandmother, by her side, being poor, honest, hard-working people.

When I was about fourteen months old, my mother lying-in, I was taken by my grandmother to Sunbury; and as she and my grandfather became fond of me, they determined to keep me,

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though they at first only intended my mother a little relief for a month or so.

From the first of my remembrance, I discovered in myself a sort of sensibility different from what I observed to actuate the generality of children with whom I was acquainted. The sight of cruelty particularly affected me ; nor could I be a witness to the destruction even of noxious animals (commonly the sport of boys) but with extreme pain. Curiosity also formed a capital part of my disposition, like most children. I began early to observe, that effects must proceed from causes ; and my grandmother was not a little pleased with the variety of my questions. She was really a woman of much piety, and possessed naturally a very good heart : her answers consequently tended to give me proper ideas of the power and goodness of the Deity, and to fill my infant mind with gratitude and adoration to the Author of all that is good and wonderful.

At the age of about five years, for what reason I do not know, I was brought to town, and remained with my father and mother about a twelvemonth ; after which I was again taken into the country, in a very ill state of health, which I believe was
greatly

greatly owing to the grief I experienced on being separated from the good old folks, whose remarkable tenderness had engaged my young affections. It is true my mother had at that time, besides me, my two sisters to look after, one of them quite an infant; and as she also worked very hard at washing and ironing, it consequently did not lie in her way to give me a great deal of indulgence; but my grandmother unjustly suspected her of using me ill. I continued afterwards at Sunbury, as long as my father staid in London, which was till about the spring of the year 1760, when, in consequence of proposals made him by a relation at Bristol, he removed there with his family, having then four children, of which I was the eldest.

On this second time of being torn from the worthy old people and my beloved Sunbury, I was greatly affected. I had with them perfectly recovered my health, but lost it again upon my removal; nor was it but by slow degrees that the goodness of my constitution prevailed.

Soon after we were at Bristol, I was put to school to an old woman who taught children to read, with whom I remained about a year, and was after-

wards kept at home, employed in packing up such of my father's goods as were to be sent abroad; in which situation I had (at intervals) a great deal of leisure, yet though in the country I had been very fond of play, I retained but little inclination for it at this time. Indeed I was but ill fit to be in company with other boys; for I was grown very deaf, and had besides acquired a kind of timidity and bashfulness, which together made me appear very foolish, and occasioned many people to set me down as little better than an idiot.

I had not at school conceived any great affection for reading, my lessons there being such as were nowise calculated to give entertainment. The first book which I read with any satisfaction was an Abridgment of part of the Book of Genesis, and contained the History of Joseph and his Brethren. This was given me by my mother, and was followed by several other abridgments of the historical parts of the scriptures; all of which I read with great pleasure, and in a short time became capable of reading, and, in a great measure, of understanding the original translations of the Old and New Testament, which I went through with a great deal of

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of delight ; the sublime passages, descriptive of the glory and solemnity of heavenly visitations, or which relate the various immediate interpositions of Omnipotence, often filling me not only with admiration, but enthusiasm : the pleasure of which was such, that at times I could not help lamenting the being born in an age in which prophets, prodigies, and miracles, with the frequent visibility of God and angels, was not to be seen or expected.

After I had read the Scriptures, notwithstanding my father had taken care to drive out of my head every notion of supernatural existences, as of ghosts, goblins, witches, &c. I still retained an immoderate fondness for the wonderful ; preferring by far the stories of giants, fairies, magicians, or of heroes performing impossibilities, to any history or narrative that wore the face of truth.

Among some other books of this description, which composed part of the lumber of a set of dusty shelves, I met with an old volume of the Destruction of Troy, which, with a Pantheon my father procured me, brought me acquainted with the names, actions, and attributes of the pagan deities. In the last book I also' found a great many quotations from

Mr. Pope's and Mr. Dryden's translations of Homer, Ovid, and Virgil. These were the first specimens that gave me a relish for poetry. It is certain I had read verse before, though with no extraordinary pleasure; but of these beautiful detachments I was quite enamoured, and read them over so often, that I could repeat the greatest part of them without book.

About this time my father began to set me a few copies; and while I was learning to write, I sometimes tried to make verses, being then about ten years old; and remember my mother's once laughing heartily, upon finding an invocation to the muses in one of my little attempts; the sublime and interesting subject of which was, the description and character of our turnspit-dog. However, my father seemed to be pleased with my humour for rhyming, and would often read my fragments to his acquaintance. I was also very fond of pictures, particularly landscapes, which I took great pleasure in attempting to draw, as by taking notice of the diminution of distant, and the foreshortening of oblique, objects, in those lively representations of nature, I had obtained a little notion of perspective. Many of my
rude

rude productions in this line likewise were, by the partiality of a father, supposed not totally destitute of merit, and were by him often shown as curiosities.

To the charms of music I was, through deafness, for a long time but little sensible; but when it pleased God to restore my hearing, I felt its enchanting power, perhaps, in a greater degree. We had several rehearsals at our house, my father being acquainted with most of the Bath and Bristol musicians. He also played on the violin himself, often for his amusement, but on some occasions at the Assembly Room, and had thoughts of teaching me; but his family and cares increasing, he could not well bestow the time and pains. At the death of our before-mentioned relation, he was left with a good business, and in tolerable circumstances, though with a large family; but the confusion occasioned by the American stamp-act soon after commencing, put a great stop to the trade to that country, and begun the ruin of his affairs.

At about twelve years of age I began to learn to work at our business, though I was much averse to it, and would rather have gone to sea; but that did

not suit my father's inclination, though the pleasure I took in reading made me greatly neglect my work, and soon lessened me in his favour. His trade still decreasing, he was obliged to part with his journey-people (at one time ten in number) and to depend upon the labour of himself and family, though, out of nine children, there were but four of us that could possibly be of any service to him, and in the whole so little, that his profits were inadequate to our maintenance. However, he had been for some time employed by the sheriffs as trumpeter at the city assizes, which brought him a trifling salary, and was afterwards by the corporation put into the office of exchange-keeper, which was ten pounds *per annum*, with some perquisites, I believe, of no great amount; for, notwithstanding these helps, his affairs went on but poorly, and both he and my mother very justly observing, that the little attention I paid to my work was accountable to the great attention I paid to books, first remonstrated with me, and afterwards forbade me to read, except on a Sunday, when I was commonly invited to dine and sup with a person of my father's acquaintance, who, being blind, was fond of hearing me read, and generally procured

books

books for that purpose. But though I had not many opportunities to read in the week, my mind was ever among books. Natural philosophy, and particularly astronomy, began at this time to be the favourite subjects of my contemplations ; but while my mind was busy, endeavouring to explain the mechanism of terrestrial nature, or soaring among the stars, the labours of my hands turned out to little amount ; the less so, as I was extraordinarily slow and awkward at my work, even when I did my best and set my mind most upon it, which I believe was owing to the very great dislike I ever had to the business, which certainly bears but little affinity to any of the fine arts.

I was at this time about eighteen years of age ; and it may be imagined, that in such a length of time I must have almost forgot my poor old grandfather and grandmother ; but that was by no means the case : my affection for them both remained unimpaired, and I became more and more impatient to see them again. My mother commonly wrote to them several times in the course of a year ; and from the first time of my being able to read writing, she indulged me with the perusal of those letters

ters which she received in return: and now beginning to despair of ever obtaining leave to make a journey to see them, and fearing it would be but a short time before their death would put it finally out of my power, I came to the resolution of taking the first opportunity to elope; but being apprehensive that my sudden appearance might too much affect my grandmother, I wrote a letter (the first I ever penn'd) to inform them of my design. I also desired that my mother might not be acquainted with my scheme, if it should meet with their disapprobation, but wished that something might be mentioned in their next, to inform me of their reception of mine, as I had no friend that I could trust to receive a letter for me. This was punctually attended to, as my mother shortly after received one from them, in which some expressions in mine were introduced; by which means I was certain of its being received, and likewise of their acquiescence with the purport of its contents.

It might reasonably be supposed, that in order to perform so long a journey, I took care to provide myself with money, at least sufficient barely to subsist upon for the time that it must necessarily take

me to walk it; but had I been in possession of much more foresight than ever I was endowed with, the contrary must have been the case, as two pence *per week* (the pecuniary gratuity which I generally received on a Sunday from the blind person I have mentioned) was all that I could possibly have saved: but this trifle I commonly laid out in prints and colours, with which I at times (by stealth) amused myself; so that when I left Bristol I had no more than three halfpence in the world. However, I took with me a little bundle of my cloaths, and two or three books.

It was about six o'clock in the morning when I set off; the time of the year, a little past Michaelmas. I had never in all my life before known what it was to walk ten miles at a stretch; and at this first trial I found myself a very bad traveller; for by that time I had got as far as Chippingham (about twenty-five miles from Bristol) I found myself incapable of proceeding any farther that day. Here I sold my Bible, for which I got sixpence. The next day, which was Sunday, I reached no farther than Marlborough in Wiltshire (about twenty miles on this side Chippingham); to be sure it rained very hard, and
almost

almost incessantly, throughout both these days. At Marlborough I sold my best hat for eighteen pence ; but I was there taken so ill, that I was obliged to halt all Monday. On Tuesday evening I got to Thatcham (fifty-three miles from London) and my last two pence was at this place the price of my night's lodging. The next day I walked from morning till night, without any other refreshment than a little water. I was also that day, on coming out of Reading, so incautious as to take the wrong road, and had proceeded four miles towards Basingstoke before I discovered my mistake : that night I lay at Twyford, thirty-four miles from London, where I sold another book, of which I also made sixpence. The following evening I made a shift to reach Brentford, where I rose another sixpence by pawning a small article of wearing apparel ; and next morning (being Friday) I got into London, where I soon enquired out some of my mother's acquaintance, by whose directions I was informed of the road to Sunbury, and was much surprised to find that I had in a manner passed close by it. However, after receiving from them some refreshment and a little money, I again set off, and betwixt eight and

At nine o'clock that night arrived at my journey's end, the good old people receiving me with the most immoderate joy. In the morning my grandmother made me write home in her name (being so dim-sighted she could not well do it herself) desiring my parents to forgive the step I had taken on their account, as they should not have died in peace if they had not seen me, &c. I staid with them nine days, which were nine of the happiest I had ever seen; at the end of which (a little money being made up for me) I parted from them with the greatest regret, promising them at all events to pay them another visit before the expiration of the next summer; but, alas! I never beheld them again.

I walked much better in going back, being better provided with the means of procuring refreshment, and got home in tolerable health and spirits, after an absence of twenty-one days, and was kindly received by my father: but I leave any one of common feeling to judge with what astonishment and horror I heard him, when he abruptly informed me that my poor mother (who was big with child) was dead and buried. The letter which I wrote she never saw, as it was not delivered till about two hours

hours after she had expired. We were all in the greatest affliction (as we had reason to be) on the loss of so good a mother : but my grief was beyond measure increased by the unfortunate circumstance of my being in such a manner absent from home at the melancholy crisis ; the more so, as many people laid her death entirely to that account.

As to my father, he was for a long time inconsolable ; and after the severity of his grief was worn off, he remained melancholy and peevish. It must be owned he had great reason to regret the loss of one of the best of women : his affairs also were still growing worse. For my part, notwithstanding my years, I was incapable of giving him much assistance ; nor could I, with all the strength of my repeated resolutions, confine my attention to my business ; so that in the performance of my work I generally fell short even of my poor abilities, which was the cause of my father's treating me with some disrespect, for which I had not at that time consideration enough to make allowance, but looked upon it as the effect of partiality.

My grandfather and grandmother both died within the following year, and I remained with my fa-

ther about sixteen months after the decease of my mother ; at the end of which time, my situation becoming quite irksome, I again came away, with as little ceremony as at first. My intention was to have gone to sea, to which I had at that time a great inclination, from a desire to see foreign countries. I flattered myself also, that a person of my sober disposition would stand in the way of preferment ; and intended to employ my wages, as far as they would go, at the end of each voyage, in acquiring a knowledge of the mathematics : but on coming to London, and making some enquiries, I found that even an able seaman could scarce find employment ; so that I was glad to get work at the business to which I was brought up.

Perhaps it may be thought, that as my intention was going to sea, I might as well have shipped myself at Bristol ; but I had reason to prefer any other port, my father being so well known and respected in that city, that I should not easily have found a merchant or master of a vessel that would have employed me without his consent. It was then a time when trade in general seemed to be at the lowest ebb ; so that after I had been in work about three months,

months, my master having no further occasion for me, I was discharged; about which time, by the desire of a person with whom I lodged, I wrote ^{the} lines on the death of a Spaniel Bitch.

After seeking about, and perceiving no sign of getting work in London, I took an excursion into the country, and was employed a month at Eton, and about as long at Henley upon Thames. After which, returning to town, I could only get one week's work at my own trade, and so was obliged to look out for something else. The first thing that came into my head was to go a hay-making; but being informed that there were labourers wanting to dig the foundations of the intended new barracks at Woolwich, I made application there, and was immediately set to work; in which employment I continued till the latter end of that summer, when I received a hurt, the ground falling in upon me as I was at work, which rendered me incapable of performing the labour, and I was consequently discharged. I then got into work at my own trade for a month, and afterwards as a jobber in some of the rope-grounds: but this also failing, I attended on the quays, and now and then got a job at the
cranes;

cranes ; but there were at that time so many men of all descriptions out of employ, that if there was a job for four or five men to perform, there were generally twenty to scramble for it ; and not being so good a scrambler as many were, I could not earn a bare subsistence, so that every necessary I could possibly spare I was obliged to part with : and at one time was so hard put to it, as to go without a bit of any thing to eat from Saturday afternoon till Monday night. I should at last have enlisted into the service of the Honourable East India Company ; but my father had so often declared his utter aversion to any thing of that kind, that I feared he would have never forgiven it. My health began also greatly to fail me ; and though I afterwards got employment in my own line at Woolwich, I could hardly subsist upon my earnings. At last I received a letter from my father (to whom I had sent some account of my distress) directing me to apply to a gentleman near the Mansion-house, who gave me a few shillings, with an injunction to return to Bristol ; which I promised, and actually intended to do, but could not bear the thoughts of going back in such a state and garb as I was

then in. I continued to work at my own trade in Woolwich the space of three months ; and once engaged my master in a most violent quarrel with his landlady, by lampooning her daughter, which I did by his desire.

It was about the middle of summer when I was discharged from him, and I again applied for work at the barrack-buildings, where a great number of men were employed ; and was again set to work, but in a different line of labour from that in which I was employed at the same place before ; being now stationed to bear a hod, with which to assist in supplying the bricklayers with materials. The work was very hard, but it pleased God to give me an amazing increase of strength ; so that after I had been a little inured to it, I performed it with surprising alacrity. Here it was that, by the foreman's desire, I made the verses on an Irish labourer, intitled, *The King of Hanging Wood*. All the remainder of the summer I worked at these buildings, and in the winter was employed in the Royal Foundry in Woolwich Warren, to attend the bricklayers, who were erecting some furnaces. Here happening to
quarrel

quarrel with one of them, I wrote the lines to which I gave the title of *The Affrighted Bricklayer*.

I had sent my father a letter in the summer, to which I received no answer: but the following spring Mr. Richards, the tobacco-pipe maker at Woolwich, who was a Bristol man, and with whom I was still very intimate, having occasion to make a journey to his native city, I sent by him a few trifles, as presents to my brothers and sisters; desiring him to tell my father, that if it was his pleasure I would return immediately. But when he came back, he brought me word that my father had been two months dead; that my sister, with the help of my brother, carried on the business; and that most of the youngest were in a fair way of being provided for in the public schools. He also told me that he was desired to dissuade me from returning to Bristol, on account that the little business which was left was barely sufficient to maintain those who were in it; on which information I thought proper to remain at Woolwich.

The spring and early part of the summer I again worked at the Barracks; about five weeks I also assisted at some additional buildings near the left wing

of the Queen's Palace (being in the employ of Mr. Groves, bricklayer to his Majesty); and afterwards, till the winter set in, in the Warren, at the building of a store-house for combustibles, commonly called the Fire Barn; and there it was that I received the affront from one of the bricklayers, which occasioned me to write the lines on the Nettlebedlamite.

All the winter I again worked in the Foundry; and the spring coming on, I left my master on account of a disagreement about the wages. I then went to work for Mr. Carter, bricklayer, in Cherry-garden-street, Rotherhithe, with whom I staid about six weeks; and then, by the desire of a young man of my acquaintance, a bricklayer, who had just set up for himself in Woolwich, I left Mr. Carter, to go to work for him.

Just at this time the tobacco-pipe maker at Woolwich (having married a young woman with some considerable expectations) was upon leaving his business; and proffered me the preference in the disposal, if I could raise a little money in part of payment for the tools and fixtures: on which account I went to Bristol, thinking to sell my share of a house (of no great value)

which

which was left by our great-aunt, to be equally divided among us, after the decease of our father and mother : but when I got to Bristol, I found things in such a train, that this design I gave up ; and returned to Woolwich, in company with a young gentleman who had a spare horse, which I rode. We came round about through Gloucester and Oxford, which would have certainly been a most delightful journey to me, but for the disappointment, and (being no horseman) the painful effects I experienced in riding. However, I did not quite give over the hopes of raising a little money for the purpose I have mentioned.

I was not ill-beloved by some of Mr. Groves's foremen, under whom I had long worked. To them I took the liberty to apply for the loan of a few pounds, which they readily and with great good-nature complied with ; but when I brought them to Mr. Richards to be witnesses of the agreement, to my great confusion, the landlord refused to let me the shop (this I got by lampooning) ; and the removal of the fixtures, with the erection of a new kiln, would have been such an additional expence, that I gave over the affair. Upon this last dif-

appointment I was greatly chagrined, and the next resolution which I took was to go to sea; in pursuance of which, I soon after shipped myself for the Lord Macartney letter of marque, captain Barclay, bound to the Grenades; but some person (after I had been a fortnight on board) telling the captain that I was near-sighted, he paid me for the time I had worked on board the vessel, and discharged me. This was in the evening; and I went ashore at Wapping, where being laid hold on by part of a press-gang, I was conducted to their rendezvous (the Waterman's Arms, opposite Union Stairs); but, by the intercession of Mrs. Noble, the landlady, had my choice to enter into the gang; which (dreading the treatment on board a man of war) was soon made, and my hand with horror embraced the lawless bludgeon.

But here I was in one thing agreeably surprised. I had looked on all in this employment as persons of the most abandoned principles; but I found those with whom I served to be men of great civility and real good nature: and I must do them the justice to affirm, that for the time I was with them, I never saw an instance of unnecessary cruelty or insult. We
were

were commanded by lieutenant Chubb, of the Princess Royal, a gentleman of the greatest humanity : but I was certainly in a very disagreeable situation (being witness to a variety of distresses, which could not otherwise than be the effects of our operations, though conducted with the greatest tenderness). However, it was not long that I remained in it ; for Mrs. Noble being in want of a servant, during the illness of a person who looked after her business, and conceiving an opinion that my principles were honest, she spoke to the lieutenant ; and, being no seaman, I was discharged, and taken into her service for the time that the before-mentioned person took for his recovery, which was near two months : and it was while I was with her that I wrote the Song on the Princess Royal.

I soon after was again employed at my own trade, though I had still an intention of going to sea : but about this time becoming acquainted with the young woman who is now my wife, I laid aside that thought, and began to think about settling in my own business at Bristol, with which intention I went there ; but the trade was still very slack, and I made no progress in getting into business on my own ac-

count, but worked at home with my brother and sisters ; the little profit which arose serving in common for our maintenance.

The time being elapsed, at the expiration of which I was to have returned to London to be married ; and the press being in the greatest heat all through the country, it would have been so dangerous for me to have travelled, that I proposed the performance of that ceremony at Bristol ; where when we met, and had weighed every circumstance, we judged it prudent to defer it ; she thinking that it would be better for her to get a place of service at Bristol, and wait till circumstances should be more in our favour. This being settled, I took to a workshop which had been long void in our house ; and making use of some old tools and fixtures of my father's, which lay unused, I began making pipes upon my own account, the same kiln serving both me and my sister.

Thus circumstanced, for the purpose of settling a correspondence, I twice went to Carmarthen in Wales, that place taking off great quantities of the Bristol goods : but though I there received many
promises

promises of support, it did not answer my expectations; and in general things turned out so untoward, that some years passed before we were married: after which Fortune seemed a little to relent, and our situation began to wear rather a more favourable aspect.

By frequenting several convivial meetings (for two or three of which I made songs) I had got a little custom: my wife also worked very hard in the business, and attended those customers we had in the city, while I went about the country with a hamper of pipes upon my shoulder, in that manner travelling ten, fifteen, and often twenty miles out. This I performed generally twice a-week, the whole time I was in that little way for myself; and it was in some of these solitary excursions that, to amuse myself, I attempted the few lines of blank verse, the plan of which was a description of Day and Night.

My wife lying-in, we bore the expence tolerably. To be sure our profit had not turned out so much as we could have earned at journey-work; still the hopes of getting into more business kept up our spirits. But my wife catching cold rather before
her

her month was expired, it unfortunately affected one of her breasts in such a manner, that after every other experiment had been tried, she was forced to submit to the operation of the surgeon's knife; and was in the whole near half a year under his hands, during which time she was incapable of affording me any assistance.

A little after her recovery, we were informed by an inhabitant of Swansea in Glamorganshire, that there was in that town a house in which tobacco-pipes had been formerly manufactured; that, since the death of the person who occupied it for that purpose, it had lain void, with all the fixtures, tools, &c. remaining: and as I knew it to be a place of considerable trade, I planned an expedition immediately to it, in hopes of taking the house, and availing myself of its conveniences; which if I could not accomplish, I considered that I should yet have an opportunity of getting a few orders. This scheme I put in practice, taking with me only a few shillings worth of my goods, by the sale of which to bear my expences.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that I left Bristol, and was so lucky as to sell my little cargo before I
reached

reached the New Passage, which is about ten miles from that city, and where I lay that night: but having got there a good while before bed-time, I sat in the kitchen of the inn, contemplating my scheme, and enjoying by anticipation the advantages I should probably derive by having the monopoly of a capital sea-port town; till from this pleasing reverie I was awakened by a farmer's attempting to sing, which, thro' intoxication, finding himself incapable of doing, after several efforts, he gave it over, to the regret of some of the company who had asked him for a song: upon which, from a natural desire to please, I seized the opportunity to offer them one myself; which being accepted, and sung, so well pleased them, that, from one song to another, they kept me at it till almost midnight: in the mean time, I partook of the good cheer of the company scot-free. This affair I mention, as it afterwards led to something more extraordinary.

Sunday morning the great boat was not to go over, and I must have been detained there till towards evening, but for the goodness of a gentleman who had hired the small boat for himself and servant, and who was so kind as to let me pass with him. It

was about the time of harvest, the weather extremely fine, and the country quite delightful; many of the eminences commanding beautiful sea prospects, with now and then, in a distant view, the ivy-shaded ruins of an ancient castle, whose mouldering towers and solitary courts I wished to have had leisure to explore.

Upon the whole, I had, in going, a very agreeable journey, and arrived at Swansea on Monday afternoon; finding the place rather in confusion, on account of its fair, which was held on that day. But the principal object of my journey had been a good while removed; the aforesaid house having been taken, and the fixtures, &c. demolished, above a twelvemonth. The next day, however, I got orders to the amount of such a quantity of goods as I thought myself capable of getting ready by a certain time, and towards evening set out on my return. That night I lay at Neath, and the next morning found my stock of subsistence-money dwindled to a few halfpence, out of which (not being able to resist the other calls of nature in the course of the day) I did not reserve a sufficiency to pay for a bed to sleep in at night; in consequence

sequence of which, after walking till it was quite dark, I was glad to put up with a few hours repose in a barn, about a mile on this side Cardiff.

As soon as day-light appeared, I arose, and got on upon my way. But now the thoughts of having to travel without cash began to be the least of my troubles; for I recollected that I could not fly, and that I wanted sixpence to satisfy the demand that would be made upon me on crossing the Severn the ordinary way. However, I trudged on, and got to the passage-house, faint and fatigued, betwixt three and four in the afternoon, at which time the passengers had near three hours to wait.

On my approaching the inn, and being remembered by some of the boatmen who had heard me sing, as I have mentioned, on the Saturday night, they met me at the door, and giving me two or three hearty shakes by the hand, insisted on my favouring them with a few songs in the interval of waiting for the tide: on which I did not scruple to tell them that I had travelled so far without refreshment, as to be incapable of complying with their request. I also made them acquainted with my additional distress, in not having wherewithal to pay my passage;

fage; of both which complaints they soon eased me, by procuring me some bread and cheese, making me drink heartily, and promising not to leave me behind them: upon which, my spirits being a little raised, I sung them several songs, and again received the flattery of their applause.

After I had been thus entertaining them for some time, a gentleman arrived at the inn, and being in haste to get over, ordered the small boat to be got ready, in the mean time taking a little refreshment; during which I continued my endeavours to divert the company of the kitchen.

At last the gentleman's boat being ready, he went down to the beach; when being at the door, and observing that the person who attended him could not conveniently carry the luggage to the water-side, I lent him a hand; when the gentleman asked me, if I was going to pass? and, on my answering in the affirmative, very kindly offered to take me with him, saying, with a great deal of good nature, "You shall sing me one or two of your songs as we proceed, and when we get on the other side I'll give you something to wet your whistle." We presently got under sail; and
every

every thing being settled in the boat, I immediately began a song ; which having ended, I asked leave to sing one of my own making, adding, for that I was a poet ; intending by this assertion only to occasion a laugh. However, having permission, I sung one or two, and was much pleased by the attention with which the gentleman honoured me ; who, when I had finished, condescended to point out some of my wrong pronunciations, which I have since corrected. I also repeated some of my verses, and at his request informed him of the particulars of my situation.

As soon as we were on shore, the gentleman favoured me with his address, at the same time particularizing one or two of my little pieces, of which he desired me to send him copies ; and making me a present, told me I should before long hear from him.

The sudden effects produced by unexpected generosity upon a feeling, consequently not an ungrateful, heart, are perhaps better imagined than described.—I reached home in a few hours, and found all well.

Something better than two months after this, on
coming

coming home from one of my country rambles, my wife informed me that a gentleman wished to see me at the Long Room, the Hot Wells. I attended; and being introduced to him, he informed me that he was a friend of the gentleman with whom I had conversed as aforesaid. At his desire, I gave him a few specimens of my verses, and sung two or three of my songs. There was a clergyman in company with him, and I was so happy as to have reason to think that I had pleased both.

The next morning the gentleman did me the honour to call upon me, accompanied by Colonel G—— (by whose generosity I was also obliged); and on leaving Bristol assured me of his friendship, and of that of the honourable gentleman who first took notice of me; of which indeed I have since had the most convincing proofs.—To their benevolence, to their generosity, I am for ever obliged; as well as to that which, through their kind recommendation, a generous Public have displayed in my favour. To that Public my thanks also are due, and particularly to many ladies and gentlemen who have honoured me with their conversation; whose liberality I have experienced, and who have so generously interested themselves on my account.

The

The tobacco-pipe trade being greatly on the decline, and observing one part of the process in manufacturing them * to be prejudicial to my sight, which is rather defective, were reasons which induced me to wish to be settled in some other employment. This the goodness of my friends having enabled me to accomplish, I chose the Stationary, Book, and Print-selling business; in which I am now set up, N° 35, Long-Acre, still humbly hoping for the patronage of Ladies and Gentlemen, which will ever be most gratefully received, and my best endeavours on all occasions used, to give entire satisfaction in the execution of any orders I may be so happy as to be favoured with.

I have only to add, that I hope every allowance will be made for the numerous faults which I am afraid will appear in my little collection of writings. I can only plead in their behalf, that whatever is ill written was well meant; with which recommendation I humbly submit them to my friends, and to that generous Public, to whom I am already under the highest obligations.

JOHN FRED^K BRYANT.

* This is what is called burning them, in which the eyes are much exposed to the fire.

On the DEATH of a SPANIEL,

The Favourite of the younger Part of the Family, but
a Tyrant to the Cats.

BENEATH your feet, low in the silent dust,
Phillis, the fondest cur that ever breath'd,

Freed from the cares of life's important trust,

Insensible to praise or blame, does rest :

But all of canine race must surely die ;

The bull-dog fierce, the mastiff stout and bold ;

Each pointer, setter, greyhound, low must lie

At last, like spaniel Phillis, stiff and cold.

Lions and tigers, all the prowling brood

Of bears and wolves, and panthers fierce and wild,

That range the desert, and infest the wood,

Must yield to death, like Phillis tame and mild.

B

Nay,

Nay, even the prouder son of human fire,
 Who stiles himself o'er all creation lord,
 Must feel the mortal pang, must too expire,
 And to the wormy grave a feast afford.—
 Ah, childhood ! stop, and shed one generous tear
 O'er your once fav'rite Phillis, now no more ;
 For she to all your youthful train was dear,
 When in your service her frail life she wore.
 Alas ! she lies bereft of pow'r to please !
 All, all her late diverting tricks are done !
 Phillis no more the grim-fac'd cat can tease,
 For ah ! the little wanton's dead and gone !

WANTON BETTY.

Written at Woolwich, by the Desire of Mr.
 RICHARDS, Pipe-maker in that Town.

IN Woolwich town does live a lass,
 I call her Wanton Betty;
 For not an epithet beside
 Would suit her half so pretty.
 Her shape and features, all must own,
 Are but of homely form;
 But still the pert vain thing, in hopes
 The filly fops to charm,
 First with a floury rag does rub
 Her skin, of brown complexion;
 Next cleans her teeth and scurvy gums,
 According to direction;
 Then struts in ancient duds, reform'd
 To something like the fashion,
 'Till some soft shipwright, smitten, owns,
 Alack! his love-sick passion.

On Sunday in the gallery's front
 The graceless girl sits grinning,
 Nor shortens by one single prayer
 Her weekly score of finning.
 Her heart's of all devotion void,
 Her wicked eyes are leering,
 Her mind is too reverse employ'd
 T' attend to what she's hearing.
 With blink, or nod, or awkward smile,
 She views each smart young fellow ;
 Why, wench ! of all thy wanton ways
 I'm quite aham'd to tell-o !
 Do, prithee, stop thy mad career,
 The broad way thou'rt a-going ;
 From me, thy friend, to lack advice
 Think not thyself too knowing.
 Alas ! advice is thrown away
 On headstrong wanton Bett ;
 Her mad career she still pursues ;
 'Tis all in vain to fret.

So,

So, Wanton Bet, with thee I've done ;

If this cap fits thee, wear it' :

I've seam'd it well, and sew'd it strong,

Thou canst not fairly tear it.

The KING of HANGING WOOD:

O R, T H E

FORTUNE of an IRISH LABOURER,

Who was caught with one of the Women that infest
Hanging Wood, near Woolwich ; whose acknow-
ledged Superiority in fighting had obtained her
the Title of *Queen of the Wood*.

Written by Desire of Mr. M——, Foreman of
the Bricklayers with whom the Labourer worked.

FROM Ireland came a hearty Boy,
Jack Donakin by name :

Ahoo ! he was as dear a joy

As ever shone in fame.

In Ireland Jack for bread fed hogs,

'Till he his country flew ;

But ah ! he left his native bogs

With noble aims in view :

For when to have his fortune told,
 As he himself reports,
 He to a wizard blind and old
 Expos'd his moles and warts ;
 He learn'd on one auspicious wart
 To plume ambition's wing ;
 " For lo !" said he, " thou'lt shine at court,
 " And live to be a king :
 " And Britain's island is the place,
 " Boy ! think it not a notion,
 " Where thou shalt bear the pond'rous mace,
 " And climb to such promotion."
 Ah ! Gramachree, he cried, for joy,
 I'll make no more delay ;
 So then set off this hearty boy,
 And left his debts to pay.
 Long has he borne the promis'd mace *,
 And long has been a-climbing †,
 And oft the court ‡ has seen his face,
 As sure as I'm a-rhiming.

* The hod.

† Up the ladder, to earn his daily bread.

‡ Literally, being several times summoned, for small debts, at Woolwich.

But lately with the harlot Queen
 Of amorous Hanging Wood,
 Th' ambitious rip has made (I ween)
 The grand prediction good.
 And may his royal fortune smile
 'Till fate in hemp arrays him,
 And in a proper kingly style
 To his last court conveys him :
 For, certain as he first drew breath
 In that dear isle Hibernia,
 The rogue will live to catch his death
 At that place call'd Tyburnia.

T H E

AFFRIGHTED BRICKLAYER.

YOU that in characters delight,
 Behold, here's one in black and white,
 Descriptive of a surly rip,
 As ever did a Bridewell keep.
 Ill-nature's pictur'd in his face ;
 His looks betray him void of grace ;
 While every word he does dispense
 Proclaims him likewise void of sense.
 I wave his surname ; but for that,
 He answers to the name of Nat,
 And is by trade a brother Bat.

Now be it known, about the time
 As daisies 'gan to be in prime—
 But first, to set the matter clear,
 As well as when, I'll tell you where.—

From Woolwich, somewhat 'bout a mile,
 The thief has liv'd a tightish while,

And,

And, 'twixt the town and Shooter's Hill
 (Now, pray, be quiet while I tell)
 A range of building if you see,
 You somewhat near the mark may be
 Where Nat got into foul disgrace.
 Per'dy ! 'twas in the very place
 Where Mosely's voice has oft been heard,
 By which 'tis known the crows were scar'd :
 For while his foremanship was there,
 The devil a one would come a-near.

Now on the scaffold Nathan stood,
 One busy day, in angry mood,
 With trowel brandish'd in his hand,
 Roaring for stuff with stern command.
 Whether his hen had peck'd him more
 Than she was us'd to do before,
 Or what, we don't pretend to say ;
 But certain 'tis, upon that day
 Nathan was more than common cross,
 With clouded brows and look morose :
 For bricks and mortar how he bawl'd !
 And louder still and louder call'd.

By

By ev'ry hodman still neglected,
 'Twas thought he'd surely go distracted.
 At length, " You Irish thieves !" he cries,
 And then went on with d—n your e—,
 And such-like language ; which, to hear,
 No true-born Irishman could bear.

A fierce Hibernian left the ground,
 With limbs, and lungs, and all things found ;
 He up the wooden hill ascended,
 And Natty's noise was quickly ended.

" Arrah ! now burn my shoul," says he,

" But off the scaffold you shall be :

" Not down the ladder ; but, for fun,

" I'll take and shend you by the run,

" If ever an angry word you speak ;

" So be the hust ! and shave your neck,

" And put an end to all your swearing,

" Or I'll beshtow you out of hearing.

" Hurroo ! d'ye growl ? the devil skin me

" If I don't ram you down the chimney."

Cold shiv'ring seiz'd on tim'rous Nat ;
 His very heart went pit-a-pat ;

Pale as a clout his visage grew ;
 And well it might ; for well he knew,
 If he should send him that way down,
 'Twould surely crack his empty crown.

Nor spoke his brother Bats a word ;
 The scoundrel was by all abhorr'd :
 But what, you'll say, was quite uncivil,
 His greatest friend, I mean the devil,
 Stood by, and never took his part,
 And that quite put him out of heart :
 So Nat thought best to drop the cause,
 And very wisely clos'd his jaws.

THE LIFE OF J. P.

A conceited young Bricklayer, a Native of *Nettlebed*, in *Oxfordshire*, who used to boast of his Skill in hedging, ditching, boxing, &c. &c. as well as in his own business, in which he thought himself too good a Workman to be employed in any Part, except the Front Walls, which are built with a better Sort of Bricks, called Front Stocks.

It was begun in consequence of a Dispute ; but soon stopped in its Progress by a Treat of Beef-steaks and Porter, with which the Bricklayer thought fit to silence the Labourer's Muse.

The NETTLEBED-LAMITE.

OF T has the muse presum'd, in numbers great,
 To sing the various turns of human fate ;
 And ventur'd oft, in solemn verse, to tell
 How mighty empires rose, and how they fell ;
 Nor left unsung the rape of Sparta's queen,
 Nor how Achilles lov'd fair Pollexene.
 Divinities and men, and martial frogs,
 Alike have grac'd her epics or eclogues.

Equal

Equal she brings, to interest the mind,
The world's proud master, or the humble hind.

Th' atchievements of a shoe-black may be told
In florid language, and in diction bold :
Then shall a heft'ring tradesman's deeds be lost,
Whose bringing-up so many crowns has cost ?
No, thou, my muse, shalt rescue from the jaws
Of dark oblivion such a weighty cause.

Amidst Oxonian vales, where waving corn
Makes farmers purse-proud, and the fields adorn ;
Lo ! in an obscure village, with a name
Gross as the stinging weed that bears the fame,
Young Frontstock was begot, conceiv'd, and born.
Thus in a bed of nettles grew a thorn.
But soon the father, with paternal joy,
Beheld the early genius of the boy
To rear with unwrought flint the rustic wall,
Though sometimes, like old Jericho's *, they'd fall :

* He was one time employed by a gentleman to erect a tower of flint in his garden, which, when about three parts finished, tumbled down while he and the labourer were gone to dinner.

Nor was the boy at hedging less expert ;
 Ditching and banking too he'd got by heart ;
 To architecture ev'ry way inclin'd,
 As mostly suiting with his tow'ring mind ;
 To which th' indulgent parent bound him fast,
 Though some folks think he ran away at last.

A S O N G,
 On the PRINCESS ROYAL.

Written about a Year before the last French War.

RECITATIVE.

I.

AT Spithead anchor'd lies a noble ship,
 The Princess Royal nam'd, with ninety guns ;
 She'll sweep the rebel Yankees off the deep,
 And from their batt'ries make the scoundrels run.

II. To

II.

To the Tune of, *On board a Man of War.*

Come, all ye British seamen that wish to gain applause,
And enter in our ship, in your king and country's cause,
And we'll give the Yankee-doodles a dowse in the jaws,
From on board of the Princess Royal.

III.

Same Tune.

Come, all ye jolly landsmen that love to see good fun,
And you'll see how we will make the ragged rascals run,
And we'll make them strike their striped flags, or die
by our guns,
From on board of the Princess Royal.

IV.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Brave Milbank, now on board our ship, commands,
Whose name the rebels will have cause to fear;
Come, now's the time, while we are wanting hands,
So to our jovial rendezvous repair.

V. Tune

V.

Tune of The Irish Hautboy.

And there you'll meet some merry dogs,

And all as fat as bacon hogs,

Resolv'd the Yankees for to flog ;

Or else, upon occasion,

To sink the fleets of France and Spain :

So let them ever dare again

To meet our navy on the main,

Or brave the British nation.

VI.

Tune, The Women all tell me I'm false to my Lads.

There came a bold fellow from good Staffordshire,

And a brazier he was by his trade, you shall hear :

I'm come for to enter, he loudly did roar,

And he'd thrash the damn'd Yankees, he heartily swore.

VII.

Tune, Of a noble Race was Shenkin.

Then came a valiant Welchman,

Hur name was Tom Lewellyn ;

Says he, hur cannot rest nor sleep,

Till the Yankees hur was killing.

For

For since they'll not be rul'd

By us that did maintain her,

We'll make them feel

Our fire and steel,

And that's the way to gain her.

Fal de ral, &c. &c.

VIII.

Tune, *Paddy Wback.*

An Irishman feconded Mr. Lewellyn,

And said, My dear crature, you're all in the right ;

And, by Jafus ! I'll venture my life for a shilling

But these here damn'd Yankees I'll fartinly fight.

Hubbabu, bubbabu, while I'll be able,

Hallalu, fallalu, while it will do ;

May I never see pradies a-top o' the table,

If I have n't the spirit to say as I do.

IX.

For my part, I'll enter aboard like anodder,

An shew'm a bit of an Irish game ;

For the Yankees are scoundrels, and we are their moders,

An if they don't know it we'll tach 'em the same.

C

Hubbabu,

Hubbabu, bubbabu, while I'll be able,
 Hallalu, fallalu, while it will do ;
 And the ship to the anchor we'll tie with a cable,
 And then we'll be taking a bit of a cruise.

X.

Tune, The De'el take the Wars.

Then came a Scotch lad, on purpose to enter ;
 He swore that he'd stay no longer on shore ;
 And 'cause he was a 'prentice, he burnt his indenture :
 On board the Princess Royal he'd enter, he swore.
 Not his Moggy's kind embraces,
 No, nor all her muckle graces ;
 Now fighting,
 Now crying,
 Could him restrain ;
 For Jockey did declare
 He'd not the rebels spare ;
 But with big roaring gun
 He wou'd make the Yankees run,
 And his life he would lose, or the victory gain.

XI. Tune,

XI.

Tune, *The Princess Royal*. A Country Dance.

Our captain cries, " Well said ! my boys ;
 " Our guns shall make a thund'ring noise ;
 " While glory each brave mind enjoys :
 " My hearts, be stout and loyal.
 " We'll bring destruction on their fleet,
 " Or take them all that e'er we meet,
 " And give them soon a grand defeat ;
 " ~~And~~ then we'll come in triumph home,
 " With flying flags and beating drums,
 " On board the *Princess Royal*."

On the Approach of P E A C E.

LONG the trumpet breath'd alarms ;
 Long the drum had beat to arms :

Long has sung the martial muse,

Fame supplying hostile news.

But now the martial song shall cease ;

And ev'ry voice shall welcome Peace.

Peace ! thou lovely virgin ! hail !

Peace ! that loves the rural vale :

Peace ! that loves to haunt the grove,

While the shepherd sings of love.

Bid the martial trumpet cease ;

Vales and groves shall echo, Peace !

Peace, that loves to rove serene,

Where, with weeping willows green ;

Where, with reeds and daffodils,

Pleasing Melancholy dwells,

Lift'ning

Lift'ning to the winding stream,
 Oft the sylvan poet's theme ;
 While the soft, the gentle breeze,
 Fragrant breathes, and whispers Peace !

Hail ! again, sweet virgin, hail !
 All thy gentle charms unveil.
 Lo ! the nations court thy smile ;
 Then welcome to the British Isle,
 Where the song of war shall cease,
 While our voices welcome Peace.

See ! the Goddess now descends ;
 Hostile nations now are friends :
 Now her olive-branch she waves,
 Party flies to midnight caves ;
 Lurking Envy hides her head ;
 Discord seeks th' infernal shade,
 Wild disorder now shall cease,
 Hush'd by Harmony to Peace.

'See where dire Bellona flies !
 Tracks of gore besmear the skies.
 Clouds arise, and tempests howl ;
 Lightnings blaze, and thunders roll.

But the Fury disappears,
 And the scene to brightness clears ;
 And, to bid the tumult cease,
 Fame's loud trumpet sounds to Peace.

A S O N G,

Written for a CLUB of CONVIVIALS,

Held weekly at the House of Mr. BUSH, the Sign of
The Sun, in Christmas-Street, Bristol.

YE souls, who love to quaff the genial stream,
 Whose wave inspires with mirth and joy supreme,
 The gift of Ceres, whose maternal hand
 Spreads the ripe harvest, waving o'er our land ;
 And you who wish to lull your cares with song,
 Let bus'ness rest, and join the jovial throng,
 Who, while my muse ascends in lofty rhyme,
 Spurn earth's dull scenes, and soar with her sublime ;
Whose

Whose flight divine the seats of joy explores,
 Nor rests till high upon the happy shores,
 Near St. John's sacred mansion *, pleas'd, she finds,
 Above the Worlds †, a mansion to our minds ;
 Where fountains with nectareous liquids flow,
 And plants of mirth to fruits of friendship grow ;
 Where Sol ‡ perpetual sheds his golden rays,
 And Johnny Bush the rent and licence pays ;
 Who has provided us this ample room,
 To which at length, I thank my stars, I'm come.

Tune, Strephon and his Chlora lying.

And our president, right worthy,
 For my song has knock'd me down :
 Come, my muse ! for once bestir thee ;
 Heav'n avert the critic's frown !

* St. John's Church, within a few yards of the house.

† Two public-houses a little lower down the same street, each the sign of the Globe, distinguished by the names of the Old and the New Globes.

‡ Alluding to the sign of the house.

But these friendly faces round me,
 If, *probatum est*, they smile,
 Shall dispel what doubts confound me,
 Prompt my verse, and grace my style.
 Though shou'd you look one size graver,
 Ah ! my song would soon be done ;
 Or, distrustful of your favour,
 Timid I should venture on.

Tune, *The Lads of Patie's Mill.*

Now some folks like your hunting songs,
 Some sing about the wars ;
 For some men of the chace are fond,
 And a few of the field of Mars.
 While some affect your toping songs,
 (The votaries of wine)
 The lover swears your love-sick songs
 Are the only songs divine.

The sailer likes your sea-songs best,
 In which he'll take some pride ;
 And wonder if he lets you rest
 'Till he's sung you a full broadside.

The

The miller sings his mill-clack song ;
 Your party songs for some ;
 The husbandman holds fast his cann,
 Loud roaring Harvest-home.

Tune, Then farewell, my trim-built Wherry.
 (A little altered.)

But our convivial joys my theme is,
 Though furly cares at distance growl :
 To drink and smoke, to laugh and sing, our
 scheme is,
 While friendship fires each gen'rous soul,
 While friendship fires each gen'rous soul.
 Our lips the circling tankard greeting,
 Our pipes with fragrance charge the air :
 Success we drink, and ev'ry draught repeating,
 Or damn the churl, or toast the fair.
 While thus the social joys are flowing,
 In ev'ry eye while pleasures beam,
 While with celestial flame each breast is glowing,
 The sky-born sons of Jove we seem !

Mean*

Meanwhile the song, in strains harmonious,
 With Fancy's flights enchants our ears :
 Now hear the thund'ring chorus roar symphonious,
 And stun the world, and drown the spheres,
 And stun the world, and drown the spheres.

A S O N G,

Written for a CLUB at *Bristol*, which met at the *West
 India Coffee-House*, kept by Mr. HAWKES.

I.

DIVINE Concordia ! from the spheres
 Return'd to bless the happy few,
 In this gay circle now appears,
 And bids us all our joys renew.
 Her blest harmonious train she brings,
 With ev'ry soul-elating sound ;
 While Pleasure waves her rosy wings,
 And Pain and Sorrow quit the ground.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Now undisturb'd fair Friendship reigns,
 What breast but owns her sacred power?
 While sings the muse in vocal strains,
 To celebrate the social hour.

II.

See! HAWKS supplying all our wants :
 Our nectar, see ! in copious floods :
 He brings the aromatic plant,
 And clouds of incense feast the Gods !
 Now fair Euphrosyne descends,
 And Mirth and Glee their charms resume,
 To reinspire us jovial friends,
 Whilst Chorus rocks the lofty dome !

CHORUS repeated.

III.

By us the streams of life are quaff'd ;
 Our mirth, our songs, proclaim our joys :
 The toast renew'd, renew'd the draught,
 And Comus cries, Encore ! my boys !

While

While thus by Jove's high favours crown'd,
 Our spirits rise, unreach'd by care,
 We'll swell the heart-felt chorus round,
 And be as blest as mortals dare.

C H O R U S.

Still undisturb'd fair Friendship reigns,
 What breast but owns her sacred power?
 While sings the muse in vocal strains,
 To celebrate the social hour.

A S O N G

FOR THE

BRISTOL SAILING SOCIETY.

Tune, Britannia, rule the Waves.

I.

BY lofty hills environ'd round,
 On rocky Avon's happy shores,
 Bristolia stands ; within whose ample bound
 The loud Severnian billow roars :
 With sails unreef'd, though threat'ning Boreas raves,
 Her dauntless heroes ride the waves.

II.

Her name to distant regions known,
 Where Commerce courts the gentle gales,
 Each temp'rate, each extremer zone,
 Each clime receives her welcome sails ;
 With which unreef'd, though threat'ning Boreas raves,
 Her dauntless heroes ride the waves.

III. Let

III.

Let Britain's vaunting rivals dare
 Advance, with bloody flags unfurl'd,
 Bristolians haste the glorious strife to share ;
 Bristolian deeds amaze the world !
 As thunder-arm'd (while round Bellona raves)
 Her dauntless heroes ride the waves.

IV.

At home, her sons, estrang'd from fear,
 Impatient wait the flowing tide ;
 Then pleas'd between their lofty rocks they steer,
 And o'er their native billows ride :
 Each daring soul the threat'ning danger braves ;
 Bristolian heroes love the waves.

V.

Elated by th' increasing gale,
 Undaunted by the lowring storm,
 Borne on the surge, the heaving flood we hail,
 With glorious emulation warm !
 Each daring soul the threat'ning danger braves ;
 Bristolian heroes love the waves.

VI. Now.

VI.

Now dreadless o'er the foaming deep,
 Though furious blasts impetuous howl,
 With swelling sails our destin'd course we keep;
 And still, though mountain billows roll,
 Each daring soul the threatening danger braves;
 Bristolian heroes love the waves.

VII.

"My sons adopted!" Neptune cries;
 "Bristolians, long enroll'd by Fame:"
 His trident waves, the roaring tempest dies,
 And Tritons loud the deed proclaim:
 The Nereids leave their subteraqueous caves,
 To hail the lovers of the waves.

VIII.

Now back with Avon's tide we steer,
 By fav'ring breezes gently blown;
 Boys! three times thrice repeat the naval cheer;
 The flowing bowl our cruise shall crown:
 While social joys, unknown to fordid slaves,
 Succeed the pleasures of the waves.

ON MR. CRUGER'S RETURN FROM AMERICA,

ONE OF THE MEMBERS FOR BRISTOL.

YE sons of freedom, now rejoice
 In loud exulting strain !
 The hero of Bristolia's choice,
 The man who claims the people's voice,
 Returns, with glory crown'd, again !

C H O R U S.

Iö Pæan ! Hail ! great Cruger !
 Iö Pæan ! Hail ! great Cruger !
 To welcome thee on shore,
 Bristolian cannons roar :
 While we triumphant laurels wear,
 And consecrate the day,
 And wave our banners high in air,
 Our dazzling trophies proudly rear,
 He comes !
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

The

ON A PIECE OF UNWROUGHT PIPE-CLAY.

RUDE mass of earth, from which with moiled hands
 (Compulsive taught) the brittle tubes I form,
 Oft listless, while my vagrant fancy warm
 Roves (heedless of necessity's demands)
 Amid Parnassian bow'rs, or wishful eyes
 The flight of Genius, while sublime she soars
 Of moral truth in search, or earth explores,
 Or sails with Science through the starry skies:—
 Yet must I own (unsightly clod) thy claim
 To my attention, for thou art my stead,
 When grows importunate the voice of need,
 And in the furnace* thy last change I speed: }
 Ah! then how eager do I urge the flame,
 How anxious watch thee mid that glowing fire,
 That threatens my eye-balls † with extinction dire!

THE AUTHOR ON HIS OWN SITUATION.

OFT, tho' by Poverty's chill hand depress'd,
 I've felt the charm that warm'd the poet's breast;

* The kiln.

† Alluding to the ill effects of the fire upon his sight, as mentioned in the last page of the Account of himself.

Oft, at the leifure hour, indulg'd my rage
 To turn the borrow'd volume's magic page,
 Where some choice fav'rite of th' inspiring Nine
 Immortal lives in each immortal line ;
 As oft, by daring Emulation fir'd,
 Invok'd the mufe, and felt myself inspir'd :
 But ere quick Fancy snatch'd the heav'n-born ftrain,
 By Mis'ry feiz'd, I funk deprefs'd again.
 Still lur'd by Hope, my wounded genius tries
 On facred Inspiration's wings to rife,
 Eager to brave the Critic's damning frown ;
 But Fate foon brings the wretched foarer down.

Doom'd by diurnal toil and fordid care
 To rub through life, and earn my scanty fare,
 What frenzy urges my aspiring foul,
 That aims among the tuneful fpheres to roll ?
 Oft wak'd, as from a dream, from ftrains divine,
 By angry dun, I lack th' appeafing coin—
 It may be, have not wherewithal to dine. }
 Ah ! then the heart-felt rhapsody is o'er,
 And then I vow to court the mufe no more :
 But foon my heart refumes the fond defire ;
 Affections long indulg'd but flow expire.

Again the pleasing prospect I review ;
 Again the song descriptive I renew :
 Again divine Urania's voice I hear,
 And all the bright empyreal scenes appear.

O ! would some gen'rous patronising friend
 My murth'ring woes and dire vexations end ;
 Dismiss each threat'ning dun, each anxious care,
 And bid me eat and sing, devoid of fear !
 Loud should my grateful song proclaim his praise,
 Whose soft'ring hand does friendless genius raise ;
 His kind commands my future themes should name ;
 His friendly counsel guide my flight to fame.

HOP-PICKING SONG.

BY DESIRE OF THE REV. MR. J——.

I.

WELCOME! welcome! season gay,
 Yielding sweet employment;
 To the hop-grounds haste away,
 'Tis there we find enjoyment.
 From far and near a chearful crew,
 With honest hearts and faces,
 Our yearly visit we renew,
 All smiling as the Graces.

C H O R U S.

Then come, ye hearty lasses fair,
 And eke of brown complexion;
 With mirth and glee to work repair,
 And drive away dejection.

II. See

II.

See the well-supported vines
 All in order growing ;
 Closely each it's pole entwines,
 And richly all are blowing.
 See ! to us they bend their heads ;
 Yet, tearing them afunder,
 We thus relentless them unwed,
 And all their fragrance plunder.

CHORUS. Come, ye hearty, &c.

III.

We to Fate must also bend,
 Perhaps in youth and beauty :
 Nor think of Death as less our friend ;
 Like us, he does his duty.
 Thou ! yonder early-wither'd vine,
 Unripe to earth returning ;
 Our sister's fate *, in youth, like thine ;
 Her kindred yet are mourning.

CHORUS. But come, ye hearty, &c.

* Here and there the gatherers meet with a hop-vine that is withered ; from which the gentleman desired me to draw a simile, in allusion to the death of one of those lasses, who died since the last season.

IV.

Still let experience make us wise ;
 Through life let virtue guide us :
 Let harmless mirth our spirits rise,
 Though riches are deny'd us.
 And we, of innocence possess'd,
 Will trust no bragging rover ;
 Nor yield, till marriage makes us blest,
 The pledge we can't recover.

CHORUS. But come, ye hearty, &c.

V.

At length, the merry season o'er,
 Our fragrant labour ending,
 Success encrease our master's store,
 Long life and health attend him !
 So drinks each hearty lass so fair,
 And each of brown complexion ;
 Then to our homes we all repair,
 With cause for no dejection.

CHORUS. So drinks, &c. repeated.

A PRAYER.

A P R A Y E R.

A MID the ceaseless din of human strife,
 The groans of entering and departing life;
 Amid the songs of joy, the wails of woe,
 That living nature utters here below;
 Amid the harmony of all the spheres
 In concert, unenjoy'd by mortal ears;
 Amid Heav'n's trumpets loud, by angels blown,
 And lyres of seraphim, around thy throne,
 O great Supreme! and while their voices join,
 Proclaiming praise and glory only thine;
 Presuming more, perhaps, than angels dare,
 A trembling worm of earth intrudes his prayer.

Thou great, eternal, awful, gracious cause
 Of Nature's being, motion, form, and laws!
 That gav'st me tastes of pleasure and of pain;
 That gav'st me passions which alternate reign,
 And reason, passion's riot to restrain:

By whom I first inspir'd this mortal breath ;
 In whom I trust for being after death :
 Should I enjoy thy first great blessing, health ;
 And should thy providence bestow me wealth,
 And crown me parent of a num'rous race,
 Whose virtues should my name and fortune grace ;
 To love, to duty, should my fair adhere ;
 Should ev'ry friend approve himself sincere ;
 Should'st Thou my life reserve to ripest age,
 And give me all the wisdom of the sage ;
 O ! let no curfed avarice my store
 Withhold from friend distress'd, or from the poor !
 In love, or friendship, or paternal care,
 In each enjoyment with the world I share,
 Through life, O ! give this feeling heart to be
 For ever warm with gratitude to Thee !

But should thy wisdom the reverse ordain,
 And send me pale disease, and life-consuming pain ;
 Should pinching poverty still keep me down,
 To pine beneath my fellow-mortals' frown ;
 Did I paternal feelings never know,
 Or should my fruitful loins bring future woe ;

Should

Should an unfaithful wife dishonour bring;
 Should flight of fancied friends my bosom wring;
 Should my weak mind endure the scoff of fame,
 And Dullness be my substituted name;
 Should Nature early find herself outworn,
 And that her earth to earth must soon return,
 Without a friend to comfort or to mourn—
 Amidst this gloomy, complicated throng
 Of sharp afflictions, while I press along
 Through each or real pain or seeming ill,
 O give me resignation to thy will !

MORNING.

M O R N I N G.

TO breathe fresh air, and view the sylvan scenes;
 To taste the various sweets of rural life,
 The bounteous gifts of Nature, and in part
 Recall the bliss of man's primeval state,
 I quit the smoking city's busy strife;
 Nor with reluctance leave her thronged streets,
 With all her dazzling pomp, her gay parades;
 Her magisterial train, in scarlet pride;
 Her structures beautiful, pil'd high in air;
 Her crowded theatres, or splendid balls.

Now hail ! ye ample fields, ye choiry groves,
 Ye limpid streams, that through the vallies glide;
 Ye lofty hills, commanding prospects round
 Of wide extent ; ye varied prospects, hail !
 Where earth, and sky, and water, all combine,
 In all their wond'rous forms, to fill the soul
 With adoration to the glorious Author
 Of Nature's being and stupendous frame !

Of,

Oft, as by Fancy led, I'll range the glade,
 Or tread the flow'ry lawn, or climb the hill,
 Or haunt the lonesome wood's sequester'd path,
 Or muse along the margin of the stream ;
 And, while I visit Nature's local scenes,
 Her living beauties shall inspire my song,
 Then flow, my numbers, on in peaceful strains ;
 For Nature's peaceful scenes I mean to sing
 In rural verse, and hail the great Creator
 With heart-felt praise ! while mental gratitude
 Glows in my raptur'd breast, and mental love,
 Unutterable ! sublime ! stupendous theme !
 Language celestial might exhaust her stores
 In numbers great, at Heaven's high festival
 By laureat seraph sung ; whose boldest flights
 But still proclaim how much is left unsung.

Yet shall my grateful soul aspire to rise
 On wings of praise, towards th' Eternal's throne ;
 Whilst I his gifts receive, and breathe his air,
 While with delight my wand'ring eye surveys
 Creation's ample round, this mundane scene,
 How wide ! how glorious ! how with wonders fill'd !

How

How elevating to th' admiring mind !—
 See animated Nature, with her train,
 Her mighty, her innumerable train,
 Inhabiting earth, atmosphere, and sea,
 In species rang'd, various of strength and size,
 Distinguish'd by innumerable forms ;
 Some led by wond'rous instinct, some endow'd
 With godlike reasoning powers ; in action all,
 Exhibiting the various modes of life !
 While Vegetation robes the fertile earth
 In varied verdure, and in gay brocade ;
 While Vegetation, from her liberal hand,
 Deals to the sons of life their sustenance !
 To her the learned botanist applies
 For every precious health-restoring herb.
 By her kind influence the buried grain
 Rises propitious to the hopes of man ;
 By her kind influence fair Flora smiles,
 And gay Pomona, o'er her latent fruits,
 Which yet awhile compose her bloomy pride :
 She rears the prouder, tow'ring, leafy tribes,
 And tends the humble shrub, with equal care.

Great

Great Spring of Motion ! vegetation's cause;
 And life's great fountain, whence but late I sprung ;
 For great ambition bids me call thee Sire,
 And boast myself a native of the skies ;
 Accept this filial tribute from my hand,
 And deign, at intervals, to be my theme,
 When gazing on thy works, they point to Thee !
 When atmosphere in thunder cries, a God !
 When ocean's billows roar Omnipotence !
 When continents and isles display their Maker
 In large expanding prospect ! when I soar,
 And Heaven's broad fields amaze my ravish'd muse !

The grand vicissitudes that mark the hours
 In which our globe revolves, I'll sing ; the Morn
 With all her sweets, in all her gay attire
 Of summer garments clad ; the radiant Noon,
 With all the pride of day ; the milder Eve,
 And Sol's descending orb ; the black-wing'd Night,
 Whose gloom, contrasted by her burning gems,
 With solemn grandeur fills her silent reign.

But soft ! the Morning, wrapt in mantle grey,
 Breaks faintly o'er yon interposing hills,

Smiling

Smiling serenely on the sleeping world,
 That, soon awaking, shall return her smile.
 Nor can I feel, unmov'd, her gentle ray,
 Re-cheering once again my grateful orbs,
 That roll'd, but now, bewilder'd and begloom'd
 Amid nocturnal shades :—Hail! glorious light!
 Heaven's fairest child, essence of beauty, hail!
 That best can't speak the goodness and the pow'r
 Of Him who form'd you, and supplies your fires,
 Pay him a tribute of your brightest beams;
 While men and angels, wrapt in admiration,
 Behold the scene! display out all your wonders!
 Shine your Creator's praise from world to world,
 And blaze his glory through the universe!

As yet I can survey the trembling stars,
 And yet but faintly view the objects round;
 Scarce is discernible that narrow path
 That leads across to yonder distant stile,
 Beyond whose dusky bars my doubtful eyes
 The rising ground and woodland kens obscure,
 Where nothing certain meets my straiten'd sight;
 But yonder gleam, now bright'ning in the east

With

With gradual pace, will yet ere long restore
The fields their verdure, and their tints the flow'rs,

How pleasing 'tis to walk this early hour !
T' indulge the mind in sacred contemplation,
Free from disturbance, in these calm retreats,
While all is silent, save the tinkling rill,
Or whispering breeze that steals from Flora's bosom
The sweets of flow'rs and aromatic herbs,
Whose wafted odours oft regale the sense !

Now fade the spangles in yon azure vault,
While to the western deep the shadows fly,
And hills, and dales, and groves, and lawns, appear
In prospect more distinct ; Nature awakes,
And prompts her offspring to begin the strain,
And tunes her universal voice to joy :
For hark ! along the hedge the early birds,
As yet but softly twittering (hardly heard
Amid the purling rivulet's plaintive noise)
Preparing all to hail the God of day
With grateful carol and exulting hymn.—
And now the lark, suspended on the wing
In air sublime, warbles his artless lay,

And

And sweetly lengthens out each joyous note,
 Charming, with soft delight, the list'ning ear.
 Sweet bird ! that celebrat'ft the rifing morn,
 Enraptur'd while I hear thy fwelling ftrains,
 With thee I'd foar, and mix with thine my fong.—
 Meanwhile, at diftance, hear the bird of Mars,
 Perpetual harbinger of day's approach,
 In louder note proclaims returning morn
 Throughout the village, while from farm to farm
 The ftrain'd refponfe is heard the country round.

Proceed, my mufe ! fing how Aurora fmiles :
 Mark how ſhe blufhes in the eaſtern ſky,
 Tinging with purple half th' ethereal arch.
 Welcome, Aurora, to our hemisphere !
 Welcome, Aurora, to my gladden'd eyes !
 Thy milder aſpect, and thy ſofter charms,
 Propitious uſhering in the blaze of day,
 Bid waking Nature ſweetly ſmile, and yield
 The tranquil breafth a joy without a name.

Thus far the dawn's refracted ray I've fung,
 And ſometimes aim'd to fnatch a thought fublime,
 Or grace or dignity to raife my fong

Above the multitude unknown to fame.
 But now behold a grander scene appears,
 That mocks the fervent efforts of my muse,
 Descriptive singing, where description fails.
 Come then, bright Inspiration ! to my aid ;
 Enthusiastic ardours, fill my breast !
 And, while my fir'd imagination burns,
 Be my effusions equal to my theme !
 I sing a purple sky, with clouds of gold ;
 An orient horizon in a blaze
 Of bursting glory ; an enlighten'd earth
 Of variegated form, and beauteous shades,
 With all those overwhelming floods of light
 That stream immediate from the fount of day !

Great prince ! and patron of th' inspiring nine
 Bright Phœbus ! in thy morning pomp array'd,
 That 'midst th' acclaim of universal joy
 Mak'st thy triumphal entry to the world,
 Rejoic'd thy rising glory I behold,
 Reviv'd thy vivifying warmth I feel,
 And grateful celebrate thy blest return !

The welcome signal of thy first approach

The mountains from their gilded summits gave :
 At length the misty vales enjoy thy rays,
 Whose vapours now subsiding, soon disclose
 The nether landscape, bright'ning to the view,
 Woods, winding streams, and dew-bespangled lawns.
 Shot from thy glowing disk, now just uprear'd,
 Earth cheer'd receives thy horizontal beams ;
 Fresh-growing vigour ev'ry herb resumes ;
 The fragrant flow'rs expand their painted leaves ;
 While animation feels extatic joys :
 The lowing herds, the bleating flocks arise,
 The wanton kids and fawns with pleasure bound,
 The groves with aviarian concerts ring,
 And sweet responses charm from every bush.
 Thy genial influence all nature feels,
 With grateful sensibility replete,
 Save man's obdurate breast ; whom thirst of gain,
 Whom jealousy, despair, or fell revenge,
 Has render'd callous to thy piercing ray.

Well might the ancient pagan world proclaim
 Thee God of health, and harmony, and song !
 Well may the unenlighten'd Easterns bend

With

With adoration to the rising sun !
 And well may we, of science more profound,
 Of truth's eternal oracles possess'd,
 When we behold thy broad emerging wheel,
 And view th' illuminated prospect round,
 To Him our grateful adoration pay,
 Who form'd thy burning orb, and myriads more,
 From us remote, perhaps, whose bulk and blaze
 Exceed beyond imagination thine !

Without a grateful rapture, what cold breast
 Can feel the solar life-supplying fire,
 While pleasure finds its way through ev'ry sense,
 While all around conspires to yield it joy ?
 With one ungenerous sentiment retain'd,
 Through this delightful valley who could stray,
 And view fair Spring unbosom all her charms,
 Her foliage, her blossoms, and her flow'rs,
 While heavenly Morning gilds the smiling scene,
 And Nature's voice is harmony and love ?
 Enchanted here her beauties I explore,
 Amid the charm of birds and sweets of flow'rs ;
 At ev'ry step I stay to gaze around,

The prospect ever varying ; while along
 The verge of this clear brook I take my way,
 And hear its pleasing murmurs : now it parts,
 A clump of weeping willows to embrace,
 And here again unites its lucid stream ;
 Now with a narrower surface hurrying on,
 Now wid'ning as it winds among the shades
 Of this embow'ring copse, where, smooth as that
 In which Narcissus fatally admir'd
 His own reflection (as of old 'tis sung)
 It glides, and almost ceases to complain.

Now to the ear, brought nearer by the breeze,
 Harsh roars the torrent from the clapp'ring mill
 Behind yon spacious orchard, whose rich bloom
 Portends autumnal plenty ; now again
 Its less'ning clamour, which to distance yields,
 Is barely heard amid the gen'ral charm
 Of universal Nature's Morning song.

From hence the elevated eye surveys,
 Extending on the left, th' aspiring hill,
 Up whose uneven side the thicket hangs,
 Oft frightful nodding o'er its winding base,

That

That forms the sidelong bound of this gay mead,
 Now with sweet cowslips deck'd, and here and there
 A blooming hawthorn, underneath whose shade
 The primrose pale, that early meets the year,
 And heav'n-complexion'd violet, love to dwell.
 While all the right exhibits cultur'd fields,
 That gently rising face th' ascending sun,
 And bright reflect his glory : here the hand
 Of human industry is full display'd
 Amid earth's green productions, which of late
 Have felt the warmth, and drank the show'rs of spring,
 And promise well man's labour to repay.

Through yonder opening pleasing is the view
 Of objects more at distance, where the sight
 Plays on an ampler scale : now village spires
 Appear, and villas gay, and spacious farms,
 With many a low-roof'd cottage, scarce observ'd
 By thoughtless Folly's superficial eye,
 By upstart Pride, that seldom deigns to note
 The humble dwellings of the labouring poor.

O black Ingratitude ! O shameful Pride !
 Whose cold contempt insults the honest poor,
 To whose humility and toil ye owe,

Next the Divine permission (gracious giv'n
 And often unexpectedly resum'd)
 For all your superfluity and state.

Their ready hands with patience hold the plough,
 And spread the latent harvest o'er your land ;
 Their daily labour cultivates the ground,
 With ev'ry plant our happy climate yields ;
 While the poor working manufact'rer's art
 Clothes and accommodates the princely peer.

See yonder scaffold-girded building rise
 Beneath the skilful workmen's busy hands :
 Mark too the active labourers, that hard
 Their scanty wages earn, bearing aloft
 The ponderous materials for the pile ;
 And let the tenant of magnificence
 Respect the hands that rais'd the stately dome.

Now in th' adjacent field, where flocks and herds
 Promiscuous crop the blade, with chearful brow
 Her early task the ruddy-featur'd maid
 Begins, and each full udder to her pail
 Relinquishes its burthen, sweetly while she sings
 Her simple song of some inconstant swain,
 Or mournful fate of rural maids in love.

Ah,

Ah, damsel ! may the moral of thy song
Thy youthful heart from vile seduction guard !

O thou sweet muse ! that oft on Avon's banks
Hast tun'd the harps, and taught th' immortal verse
Of Bristol bards—that partial didst inspire
Lactilla's numbers, while the rocky scene
And Clifton's villa'd heights she sung—yet deign
To crown my invocation with thy smiles,
While emulous I court thy sacred aid,
And sing the various beauties of the Morn !

Thus far I've wander'd through the flow'ry vale,
The thicket brush'd, and trac'd the mazy stream ;
And now ascending to the mountain's brow,
(The lesser hills receding as I rise)
A glorious western prospect opens large,
In all the glow of Morning's youthful pride,
And beauty and sublimity conjoin
Their greater powers, with such effectual force
To strike th' enamour'd and admiring mind,
That gratitude, and love, and adoration,
To Nature's general Parent lift the soul !

[*To be continued.*]

B E N E V O L E N C E.

O Heav'n-born Gratitude ! that first attun'd
 Creation's voice to sing creating love,
 That strung with harmony the seraph's lyre,
 And taught the first archangel's trump to sound ;
 Hail ! thou heav'n-pleasing Pow'r ! whose reign extends
 Through ev'ry order down to my poor breast,
 That now with joy expanded feels thy sway :
 By thee inspir'd, with heart rejoic'd I sing
 Benevolence, in human form divine,
 That prompted Liberality's blest hand
 (Generous) to deal, from Fortune's ample store,
 That kind relief which gave my bosom ease !

Sacred Benevolence ! my humble song
 Flows tributary from my heart to thee,
 Heav'n's darling attribute ! by whom on earth
 The soul its form of Deity assumes,

And

And looks with gracious dignity around
 (The pearls of pity starting from her eyes)
 Chearing the hearts of Sorrow and Distress,
 Till Sorrow's eye, resparkling, yields to joy,
 And Misery's dejected victim smiles.

O thou blest city * ! through whose bosom fair
 Incessant flow thy ancient healing springs,
 Warm with the breath of Heaven's benevolence,
 By whom with precious qualities endow'd,
 Long ages ere (proud on her pedestal)
 The blue-ey'd goddess patroniz'd thy streams ;
 O Bath ! within whose hospitable gates,
 Unfought, unhop'd, Benevolence I found,
 So far surpassing ev'ry sanguine wish,
 That gratitude and joy o'erwhelm'd my soul !
 For there the pow'rful sympathetic voice
 Of soft Humanity had told my tale,
 And generous Compassion lent her ear !

And art thou seated in our favour'd isle ?
 With grateful pride does Albion boast thy wave,
 Whose blessing but a favour'd few may share,

* Bath.

Gay Fortune's favourites, or the happy poor,
 Whose humbler fortune plac'd them near to thee?
 Yes! thou art seated in our favour'd isle;
 Fair Albion owns thy salutary wave,
 Which, if not yet accessible to all,
 Far other are than partial to a few.
 O! for example, view that thankful train *
 To health restor'd, - with hopeful life renew'd,
 Preparing now to meet the longing arms
 Of those for whom their lives are doubly dear,
 With these, of late the prey of dire disease,
 Life-wearying Pain had fix'd her long abode,
 Had spent her fury on their shrinking frames,
 Perpetual, or with intermitting ease,
 With aggravated torture to return.
 Oft had they wish'd to prove the potent charm
 Of thy bless'd fountains; oft had long'd to drink
 (With eager thirst) the life-renewing draught,
 Or lave their poor emaciated limbs,
 And in thy waters lose their countless pangs,
 But Fate their stations far remote had set,

* Patients of the Bath Hospital for strangers.

And humble poverty remain'd their lot,
 Which, by affliction render'd more extreme,
 Made pinching want increase with racking pain,
 While helpless love and kindred grief, combin'd
 With pity, shed their unavailing tears.

At length their groans were heard ; their sad distress
 Sweet Mercy's eye beholding, wept ; when straight
 Awakening in the soften'd human breast,
 O'er each less lib'ral impulse of the soul
 Benevolence assum'd her nat'ral sway ;
 Bright shone fair Bounty in the splendid sphere
 Of Affluence, for free and large she gave ;
 While Competence (though bare) with equal soul
 To yield her mite abridg'd her mod'rate fare.

Thus from the distant mansion of distress
 The poor, disorder'd, hopeless wretch is brought,
 And (Heav'n's benevolence with human care
 Gracious co-operating) soon restor'd
 To friends and kindred (joyfully surpris'd)
 A grateful being, bless'd with health and joy !
 O ! might this heart-felt sympathizing song
 But wake Benevolence in some cold breast,

Where

Where now perhaps she unsuspected lies
Buried in prejudice or fordid cares!

Proceed, my muse! but now expand the scene;
For now my native sea-surrounded land,
In mental prospect, grateful I survey,
Heaven's bounty marking all her wide extent,
Thrice happy Britain! once again to smile
With peace and plenty blest'd, with glory crown'd!
Thy sons, who lately brav'd the threat'ning world,
And scarce your equal match, the world combin'd,
Ye British subjects! to yourselves but true,

O Britain! O Ierne! durst the muse
Amid your counsels to intrude her song,
That harmony she loves she would advise!
Thus would she sing:—Let blest Concordia join
In one great int'rest ev'ry partial view;
And as ye're sisters call'd, O! still be friends.
Abreast your sons have fought, abreast they bled,
And equal danger, death, or glory shar'd;
And still united may your strength remain,
To keep the tyrants of the world in awe!
With gratitude, ye Britons, call to mind
Yourselfes,

Yourselfes, how blest'd above the nations round,
 Strangers to Liberty, your noblest pride,
 Whose air but breath'd gives freedom to the slave!
 'Tis you that with security enjoy
 What Fortune gives, or what Industry stores:
 'Tis you that are of mind and body free;
 For cursed Tyranny her hated name
 Here dares not own, much less with lawless pow'r
 To seize the legal property you hold,
 To bind your bodies, or prescribe your faith.

O Liberty! thou blessing dear as life!
 Who robs me but of thee is half a murth'rer.
 There needs, 'tis true, society to shield
 From craft and crimes, for laws to be in force,
 And sad experience daily proves their use.
 But, O ye injur'd! when ye prosecute,
 And bring the trembling culprit to the bar,
 For sake of Heaven do not aim revenge!—
 And thou vindictive Being, that can't hold
 Immur'd within a prison's dreary walls
 Thy brother for a debt he cannot pay;
 A man, perhaps, who wears an honest heart,

E

Who

Who wrestled with his fortune ere he fell,
 But 'tis not ev'ry mortal's lot to thrive :
 Perhaps, in all the bitterness of grief,
 His hapless wife and offspring shed their tears,
 Without a friend to soften their distress ;
 Perhaps in their distress they come to thee,
 Beseeching mercy for the sake of Heav'n !
 Inexorable wretch ! see how they kneel,
 And pray, with lifted hands and streaming eyes,
 For mercy ! heavenly mercy ! Oh ! from thee.—

Alas ! distress may plead, and grief may weep,
 But nature long has left his callous breast,
 Whose pity these so vainly hope to move
 With pray'rs and tears. Ah ! see, they wring their hands,
 And yield to black despair, convinc'd at last,
 Poor souls ! they cried for mercy to a stone !

On such occasion, how will Malice pour
 Her gloomy eloquence, replete with gall,
 Horrid ! exulting o'er the ruin'd wretch,
 Regardless of the innocent involv'd ;
 Breathing detraction 'gainst deserv'd esteem,
 Exaggerating where she meets with blame,

To pity still oppos'd her hateful tale :

Perhaps, " through pride, like Lucifer, he fell ;

" With Ostentation's banners gay unfurl'd,

" In state self-elevated 'bove his peers,

" In each disbursement, Flatt'ry to reward,

" Luxuriance to supply, or gorge Excess,

" Profusion mark'd the squand'rer for her own.

" At length, a murder'd competence expir'd,

" Industry's toiling sons became his dupes,

" By splendor dazzled, or deceiv'd by lies,

" As witness their unsatisfied demands.

" Thus view'd his character, from first to last,

" Proud, prodigal, ambitious, and unjust,

" May no compassion reach the worthless wretch,

" To dissipation an example made,

" For richly has he merited his fall !"

Ah, Malice ! granting thy assertions true,
Still human frailty human pity claims,
And God's bless'd word enjoins us to forgive !
Ev'n the poor criminal, whom Justice dooms
To expiation by a shameful death,
Though all the dire necessity will own,

Yet

Yet none should triumph o'er his hapless fate;
 For ah! Humanity regrets the sight,
 Weeps o'er the wretched victim to the laws,
 And, calling bright Religion to her aid,
 Cheers the repenting soul with hopes of Heav'n!

[*To be continued.*]

